

## THE BLUE DRYAD.

By G. H. Powell.

STOFFLES was her name, a familiar abbreviation, and Mephistophelean was her nature. She had all the usual vices of the feline tribe, including a double portion of those which men are so fond of describing as feminine. Vain, indolent, selfish, with a highly-cultivated taste for luxury and neatness in her personal appearance, she was distinguished by all those little irritating habits and traits for which nothing but an effeminate heart—a thing in her case conspicuous by its absence—can atone.

We live in a comfortable, old-fashioned house facing the highroad. I say we, but in fact for some months I had been alone, and my husband had just returned from one of his sporting and scientific expeditions in South America. He had already won fame as a naturalist, and had succeeded in bringing home alive quite a variety of beasts, usually of the reptile order, whose extreme rarity seemed to me a merciful provision of nature. But all his previous triumphs were completely eclipsed, I soon learned, by the capture alive, on this last expedition, of an abominably poisonous snake, known to those who knew it as the blue dryad, or more familiarly, in backwoods slang, as the "half-hour striker," in vague reference to its malignant and fatal qualities.

Being in extremely delicate health at the time, I need hardly say that I knew nothing of these ghoulish details until afterward. Henry (that is my husband) after entering my room with a robust and unburned appearance that did my heart good, merely observed—as soon as we had exchanged greetings—that he had brought home a pretty snake which "wouldn't do the slightest harm"—an evasive assurance which I accepted as became a nervous wife of an enthusiastic naturalist. I believe I insisted on its not coming into the house. Fortunately the weather was very hot, so it was decided that the blue dryad, wrapped in flannel and securely confined in a basket, should be left in the sun and the furthest corner of the veranda, during the hour or so in the afternoon when my husband had to visit the town on business.

He had gone off with a cousin of mine, an officer of engineers in India, stationed, I think, at Lahore, and home on leave. I remember that they were a long time, or what seemed to me a long time, over their luncheon; and the last remark of our guest as he came out of the dining-room remained in my head as even meaningless words will run in the head of an idle invalid shut up for the most part of the day in a silent room. What he said was in the positive tone of one emphasizing a curious and surprising statement: "You know, by the way, it's the one animal that doesn't care a rap for the cobra?" And then, my husband seeming to express disbelief and a desire to change the subject as they entered my boudoir: "It's a holy fact! Goes for it, so smart! Has the beggar on toast before you can say 'Jack Robinson!'"

The observation did not interest me, but simply ran in my head. Then they came into my room, and only for a few moments, as I was not to be tired. The engineer tried to amuse Stoffles, who was seized with such a fit of mortal boredom that he transferred his attentions to Ruby, the Gordon setter, a devoted and inseparable friend of mine, under whose charge I was shortly left as they went out.

I suppose I may have been asleep for ten minutes or so when I was awakened by the noise of Ruby's heavy body jumping out through the open window. Feeling restless and seeing me asleep, he had imagined himself entitled to a short spell off guard. Had the door not been ostensibly latched he would have made his way out by it, being thoroughly used to open doors, in fact, proved fatal to him. That it was unlatched, I saw in a few moments, for the dog on his return forced it open with a push and trotted up in a disturbed manner to my bedside. I noticed a tiny spot of blood on the black side of his nose, and naturally supposed he had scratched himself against a bush or a piece of wire. "Ruby," I said, "what have you been doing?" Then he whined as if in pain, crouching close to my side, and shaking in every limb. I should say that I was myself lying with a shawl over my feet on a deep sofa with a high back. I turned to look at Stoffles, who was slowly perambulating the room, looking for flies and other insects—her favorite amusement—on the wainscot. When I glanced again at the dog, his appearance filled me with horror: he was standing, obviously from pain, swaying from side to side and breathing hard. As I watched, his body grew more and more rigid. With his eyes fixed on the half-open door, he drew back as if from the approach of some dreaded object, raised his head with a pitiful attempt at a bark, which broke off into a stifled howl, rolled over sideways suddenly, and lay dead. The horrid stiffness of the body, almost resembling a stuffed creature overset, made me believe that he had died as he stood, close to my side, perhaps meaning to defend me. Unable to resist the unintelligible idea that the dog had been frightened to death, I followed the direction of his last gaze, and at first saw nothing. The next moment I observed round the corner of the veranda door a small, dark, and slender object, swaying gently up and down like a dry bough in the wind. It had passed right into the room with the same slow regular motion before I realized what it was and what had happened. My poor, stupid Ruby must have nosed at the basket on the veranda and succeeded somehow in opening it, and been bitten in return for his pains by the abominable beast,

which I now saw angrily rearing its head and hissing fiercely at the dead dog within three yards of my face.

I am not one of those women who jump on chairs or tables when they see a mouse, but I have a constitutional horror of the most harmless reptiles. Watching the blue dryad as it glided across the patch of sunlight streaming in from the open window, and knowing what it was, I confess to being as nearly frightened out of my wits as I ever hope to be. I simply dared not speak or move a finger for fear of attracting the beast's attention to myself. Suddenly Stoffles, weary of patting flies and spiders on the back, appeared gently purring on the back of the sofa.

Stoffles, as I have said, was inordinately vain and self-conscious. Stalking along the top of the sofa-back and bearing erect the bushy banner of her magnificent tail, she looked the most ridiculous creature imaginable. She had proceeded half-way on this pilgrimage toward me, when suddenly, with the rapidity of lightning, as her ear caught the sound of the hiss and her eyes fell upon the blue dryad, her whole civilized "play-acting" demeanor vanished, and her body stiffened and contracted to the form of a watchful wild beast with the ferocious and instinctive antipathy to a natural enemy blazing from its eyes. In one light bound she was on the floor in a compressed, defensive attitude, with all four feet close together, near, but not too near, the unknown but clearly hostile intruder; and to my surprise the snake turned and made off toward the window. Stoffles trotted lightly after, obviously interested in its method of locomotion. Then she made a long arm and playfully dropped a paw upon its tail. The snake wriggled free in a moment, and coiling its whole length, some three and a half feet, fronted this new antagonist.

The audacity of the cat astonished me from the first. I have no reason to believe she had ever seen a snake before, yet by a sort of instinct she seemed to know exactly what she was doing. As the dryad raised its head, with glittering eyes and forked tongue, Stoffles crouched with both front paws in the air, sparring as I had seen her do sometimes with a large moth. The first round passed so swiftly that mortal eye could hardly see with distinctness what happened. The snake made a dart, and the cat, all claws, two rapid blows at its advancing head. The first missed, but the second I could see came home, as the brute, shaking its neck and head, withdrew further into the rug. But Stoffles crept after it, with an air of attractive carelessness which was instantly rewarded. A full two feet of the dryad's body straightened like a black arrow, and seemed to strike right into the furry side of its antagonist—seemed, I say, to slow-going human eyes; but the latter shrank, literally fell back, collapsing with such suddenness that she seemed to have turned herself inside out, and become the mere skin of a cat. As the serpent recovered itself, she pounced on it like lightning, driving at least half a dozen claws well home, and then, apparently realizing that she had not a good enough hold, sprang lightly into the air from off the body, alighting about a yard off. There followed a minute of sparring in the air; the snake seemingly half afraid to strike, the cat waiting on its every movement.

Now the poisonous snake when provoked is an irritable animal, and the next attack of the dryad, maddened by the scratchings of puss and its own unsuccessful exertions, was so furious, and so close to myself, that I shuddered for the result. I could not have left my position on the sofa without almost treading upon Stoffles, whose bristling back was not a yard from my feet. At last, I thought—as the blue dryad, for one second coiled close as a black silk cable, sprang out the next as straight and sharp as the piston-rod of an engine—this lump of feline vanity and conceit is done for, and—I could not help thinking—it will probably be my turn next! Little did I appreciate the resources of Stoffles, who, without a change in her vigilant pose, without a wink of her fierce green eyes, sprang backward and upward on to the top of me, and there confronted the enemy calmly as ever, sitting, if you please, upon my feet!

Trembling all over with fright, I could not but observe that she was trembling too—with rage. The last act rapidly approached, and no more strategic catastrophe was ever seen. For a snake, as everybody knows, naturally rears its head when fighting. In that position, though one may hit it with a stick, it is extremely difficult, as this battle had shown, to get hold of. Now, as the dryad, curled to a capital S, quivering and hissing advanced for the last time to the charge, it was bound to strike across the edge of the sofa on which I lay, at the erect head of Stoffles, which vanished with a juggling celerity that would have dislocated the collarbone of any other animal in creation. From such an exertion the snake recovered itself with an obvious effort, quick beyond question, but not nearly quick enough. Before I could well see that it had missed its aim, Stoffles had launched out like a spring released, and, burying eight or ten claws in the back of its enemy's head, pinned it down against the stiff cushion of the sofa. The tail of the agonized reptile flung wildly in the air and flapped on the arched back of the imperturbable tigress. The whiskered muzzle of Stoffles dropped quietly, and her teeth met once, twice, thrice, like the needle and hook of a sewing-machine, in the neck of the blue dryad; and when, after much deliberation, she let it go, the beast fell into a limp tangle on the floor.

From the gland of the beast, as I afterward learned, they extracted enough poison to be the death of 20 full-grown human beings. Tightly clasped between its minute teeth was found a few long hairs, late the property of Stoffles.—From "Animal Episodes and Studies in Sensation."

## FOOLED THE SPANIARDS.

Interesting Account of Another Filibustering Trip to Cuba.

Cargo of Arms Landed Just as a Spanish Vessel Appeared—Men Forced to Abandon Schooner, Which Springs a Leak.

A dispatch to the New York Press from Fort Pierce, Fla., says: For the last two weeks the officials of the Spanish consulate in Jacksonville have been constantly on the alert, the guarded actions of prominent Cuban leaders occasioning them much trouble. The filibuster Dauntless, that has been in the vicinity, was watched and Spanish spies have been up and down the coast looking for members of a filibustering expedition who were trying to get away. But the Cuban leaders entirely fooled them.

For several weeks 1,600 heavy rifles and a large quantity of small stores have been lying under guard on the Keys south of Miami, which were, so the story goes, to be shipped to Cuba on the Dauntless, but the close watch maintained caused a change of plans and on November 20 a dozen members of the Dauntless' crew went south to Miami by rail, and with small boats went to the rendezvous.

The White Wings, a small two-masted schooner from Bahamas, met them and took the cargo off and immediately set sail for Cuba. On Friday last the crew of the schooner succeeded in making a landing in Nuevitas. It was one of the most daring expeditions yet reported.

Just as the last of the munitions of war had been taken in small boats off the schooner and transferred to shore, a large Spanish vessel was seen bearing down upon the schooner.

The men in the small boats pulled for their lives and managed to reach the White Wings, but when they got her under way it was found that she had sprung a leak, and so they were compelled to beach her, the crew putting to sea in the small boats.

Capt. Metz, of the White Wings, commanded the first boat to leave, and the steward, a man named Montgomery, commanded the second.

The second boat had no compass or mariner aboard, and got lost, beating around the greater part of Friday night, being finally picked up by a Norwegian fruit vessel and landed at Nassau.

The men did not remain there long, but shipped on a Key West sponge boat for Florida. On reaching the Land of Flowers, they were, at their request, put into their boat in Indian river and sailed around to Fort Pierce.

The men in the boat with Capt. Metz were undoubtedly compelled to land on the Cuban shore. The cabin boy of the White Wings, whose name was Streeks, first discovered the Spanish vessel, he being on the outlook in the cross trees of the schooner, and it was due to his vigilance that the members of the expedition were not captured and the war stores confiscated.

The men with Capt. Metz, who were forced, as supposed, to land, will probably escape to the interior, although the Cubans who met the expedition had already left for the interior when the boats were returning to their vessel.

Had the White Wings not sprung a leak she might have succeeded in evading the Spanish vessel by going into a small lagoon, but the leak compelled the crew to beach her and abandon her.

## SNUBBED BY GIRLS IN PUBLIC.

Illinois Youth at Ohio Wesleyan University Outraged.

There's trouble at the Ohio Wesleyan university, and it's all over a speech made by C. E. Billig, a senior, in a debate with Miss Evelyn True, also a senior, who resides in McConnellsville, O. Billig lives in Foreston, Ill. At the senior rhetorical these two seniors agreed to debate the subject "Shall Women Be Granted the Right of Suffrage?"

Miss True took the affirmative and Billig the negative. The young woman's argument was applauded, but when Billig took up his part of the question he uttered caustic words and poked fun at the followers of the suffrage faith. He hurt the feelings of the girls, and he was cheered lustily by some of the boys present.

After the close of the meeting the young women met and passed resolutions denouncing the speech and the speaker. A committee of four went to President Fulton, the instructor in oratory, and told him of the matter, and he in turn went to President Rashford.

## MANIAC IS MALTREATED.

Kept Chained and Nude for Eleven Years in Filthy Quarters.

Humane Agent O'Brien has just found a shocking case of maltreatment of the insane at Cline's Hollow, Westmoreland county, Pa. After a careful investigation the officer has ascertained that Franklin Pearce Cline, now 43 years old, has been chained for the past 11 years to an iron bar with a chain which will not permit him to move more than six or eight feet. He is a raving maniac, and during his long period of incarceration he has been kept constantly in a state of nudity. Agent O'Brien says Cline was kept in a small outhouse constructed especially for him. When he called to see him the room was in a filthy condition, and there was not a vestige of anything for the sufferer to lie upon. The state board of lunacy has been notified, and is investigating the case. It is thought that the Westmoreland county authorities will be asked to take charge of the man, as the estate is ample to pay for all necessary expenses.

## Trainway to the Pyramids.

Old Cairo is changing visibly. By Christmas the electric tramway to the pyramids will be an accomplished fact, and the eight-mile trip, at present so expensive, will be possible for a few cents.

## VERY STRANGE STORY.

Experience of James Stewart, Son of Capt. Stewart.

James Stewart, of the James Stewart company (limited), related a strange experience to the Detroit Free Press correspondent the other day in connection with the death of his father, Duncan Stewart, at Detroit. "I awoke early in the morning," said he, "and was startled by a bright light overhead, and looking up, the face of my departed mother appeared before me. I was about to say 'mother' to her, when I noticed the face of my father close to hers. My mother's face looked bright, while my father's appeared very pale and wore a grave expression. I felt at once that he had passed away, and a moment after the dear faces grew indistinct, and I watched them until they faded away. I lay quiet for a moment, dazed at what I had seen and knew that it was no hallucination, as I was wide awake at the time. I asked my wife if she had observed a light in the room, and she replied 'No.' I then related what I had seen, and she said: 'They are reunited at last.' I got a light and looked at the clock to note the time, and remarked: 'It is a few minutes after five.' Shortly before six I was called to the 'phone and the first words I heard were: 'Is that you, Brother James?' I answered, and my brother Duncan, of Detroit, said: 'Father is dead; he died a few minutes after five.' I said: 'I knew it,' and he asked: 'How did you know it?' I then related what I had seen, and he said: 'It is very strange.' I don't pretend to account for this, for I am no believer in spiritualism, and am not superstitious, but the occurrence has produced a strong impression on my mind that there is some strong connection between this world and the next when dear ones will thus reappear to us."

## SHE LOVES A TRAMP.

Sheriff's Wife Elopes with One of Her Husband's Prisoners.

Mrs. Susan S. Kay, wife of Sheriff William A. Kay, of Houlton, Me., figures in one of the queerest romances yet recorded in Maine. Mrs. Kay sacrificed her home and children for a tramp whom she had nursed back to life while he was confined in the county jail. Charles Sweeney, known by many aliases, illiterate, unprepossessing, vulgar and apparently possessing no trait which could appeal to a woman, was arrested six weeks ago and confined in the county jail on a charge of assaulting a little girl. While awaiting trial Sweeney was taken seriously ill. Mrs. Kay, who acted as matron of the jail, nursed the tramp tenderly, and he soon recovered. When his case came up for trial much surprise was shown when no one appeared to prosecute him, and Sweeney was released. He remained in Houlton, and, although with no friends, he had plenty of money. The gossip soon started stories about the tramp and Mrs. Kay, and the sheriff began an investigation, with the result that he caught the couple holding clandestine meetings regularly on the outskirts of the city. When they found themselves detected the couple left town, going to Halifax, St. John and then to Bangor. At the latter place Kay succeeded in getting an interview with his wife, and, arguing for the sake of his children, succeeded in getting her to abandon her tramp lover. Mr. Kay will give his wife separate maintenance so long as she keeps away from Sweeney, and will allow her to see the children once a month.

## TO PAY FOR HER OWN DEBUT.

Louisville (Ky.) Heiress Asks the Court for an Allowance.

At the Louisville (Ky.) hotel the other evening Mrs. Murray Keller gave a debut party to introduce her sister, Nettie Standiford, daughter of the late Edward Standiford, once president of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad company. The ball was a grand one, attended by the most exclusive set, but the party carries with it a tale not without interest to the envious outsiders and to the gossips among the social set. The other day Miss Standiford filed suit in chancery asking for an immediate allowance of \$2,500 from her share of the estate to enable her to pay for the debut party. The allowance was ordered.

In the affidavit asking for the allowance Miss Standiford asked that a sum be appropriated sufficient to make her entree into society in a style becoming her station in life. There was also an affidavit that money is needed to pay certain indebtedness, mostly contracted while attending Mme. Ely's fashionable school in New York in 1896. The estate held in trust for Miss Standiford is a very large one, Dr. Standiford having been a millionaire, and left four children, yet the handsome yearly allowance seems to be insufficient to keep up the fast gait of society.

## ENDS A LONG JOURNEY.

Russell Avery Goes 2,000 Miles Across Country in a Prairie Schooner.

Russell Avery has arrived at Westerville, R. L., having come overland all the way from Kansas in a prairie schooner. The start was made August 25. Avery was alone and came through St. Joseph, Mo., Charlestown and Springfield, Ill., Indianapolis, Columbus, O., across Pennsylvania, through the lower portion of New York state and across Connecticut to Westerville. He calculates that he has traveled 2,000 miles. Avery went to Kansas from Westerville in 1882, and came back in the way he did because he could not sell his goods there and raise enough money for railroad fares for both himself and wife. The latter has been in Westerville for several weeks.

## Susceptible of Two Interpretations.

At a camp meeting held recently near Lakeland, Fla., a minister at the beginning of his discourse said he had forgotten his notes and excused himself as follows: "I will have to depend upon the Lord for what I say this morning; this evening I will come better prepared."

## NOT ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD.

A fact often overlooked, or not always understood, is that women suffer as much from distressing kidney and bladder trouble as the men. The womb is situated back of and very close to the bladder, and for that reason any distress, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder or urinary passage is often, by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort.

The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided by setting urine aside for twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need doctoring. If you have pain or dull aching in the back, pass water too frequently, or scanty supply, with smarting or burning,—these are also convincing proofs of kidney trouble. If you have doctored without benefit, try Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney remedy. The mild and the extraordinary effect will surprise you. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures. If you take a medicine you should take the best. At druggists fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention NEWS-HERALD and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

"Papa, did the angels really bring baby down from heaven?"

Father—Of course, my son. But why do you ask such a question?

"Well, from the way he's howled ever since he's been here I thought they must have just dropped him."

## Try Allen's Foot-Ease,

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callosities. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Journal was visited by a little four-column, four page paper this week from somewhere in Iowa, in which was published an interview with a prospective advertiser: "Where does your paper go to," queried the latter. "Oh," replied the editor, "it goes to North and South America, Europe, Asia, Australia and Africa, and it's all I can do to keep it from going to hell."

## Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. R. Smith & Co., Druggists.

Mistress (to unsophisticated maid from the country)—I'm sadly afraid I shall have to dismiss you, Eliza—your untidy ways, and then the things you break!

Unsophisticated Maid—Oh, if you please, mum, don't send me away yet. My mother says if I stay here and learn how to do things I can then go to a real good place in some high family.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft, or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, bloodspavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by W. R. Smith & Co., druggists, Hillsboro, Ohio.

Disappointed Suitor (savagely)—What's that, you little imp? You say you just overheard your sister tell me she would be a sister to me, and that you are glad of it?

Small Brother (meekly)—Yeth, thir—mitherly loves company, thir.

It is easy to catch a cold and just as easy to get rid of it if you commence early to use One Minute Cough Cure. It cures, coughs, colds, bronchitis, pneumonia and all throat and lung troubles. It is pleasant to take, safe to use and sure to cure. W. R. Smith & Co., Druggists.

Beckman—Floyd and I think exactly alike upon all matters that come up for discussion between us.

Pickard—That's a good way to cement friendship; but, by the way, which of you is the liar?

Miss Allie Hughes, Norfolk, Va., was frightfully burned on the face and neck. Pain was instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, which healed the injury without leaving a scar. It is the famous pile remedy. W. R. Smith & Co., Druggists.

Arizona Country Editor—This has been a lucky day for me.

Faithful Wife—Has some one been in to pay a subscription?

Editor—Well, n-o, it waant as lucky as that, but I was shot at and missed.

One Minute Cough Cure cures quick ly. That's what you want! W. R. Smith & Co., Druggists.

## New Facts About South Dakota.

To enable the farmers in the Eastern States to pass the long winter evenings in an entertaining and instructive manner, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company has recently published for free distribution, a new pamphlet, finely illustrated with pictures which will delight the eyes of Eastern farmers, and containing letters from their brethren in South Dakota descriptive of their experience while tilling the soil and raising cattle, sheep and hogs in the "Sunshine State."

This pamphlet is well worth reading through from cover to cover. It will be sent free if you will send your address to either H. F. Hunter, Immigration Agent, 291 Dearborn street, Chicago, or to Geo. H. Hearford, General Passenger Agent, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

## Book For Stock Owners.

Sent free by mail; Humphreys' Manual of veterinary specifics containing 500 Pages on the treatment and care of domestic animals horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, dogs and poultry.

Humphreys' veterinary specifics are used by the largest horse and cattle owners in this country, such as at the late Gov. Stanford's Palo Alto Stock Farm, and E. D. Morgan's stock farm. They are also shipped to the Russian Government, where the greatest care is given to the breeding of horses, it being done under the supervision of the Government.

The book will be mailed free upon receipt of request. Address the Humphreys' Company, William and John Sts., New York.

## A Fine View of Pike's Peak

And of Mounts Haver, Yale and Princeton in the Rocky Mountains, can be had from the tourist car of the Midland Tourist Route which leaves Chicago for California at 10 o'clock every Saturday night from the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway passenger station. For illustrated descriptive circular apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address Robt. C. Jones, Traveling Passenger Agent, C. M. & St. P. Ry., 40 Carew Building, Cincinnati, O.

## The Finest in the World.

The Burlington route, Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis limited express leaves Chicago daily at 6:30 p. m. This train is new throughout and comprises the latest patterns of Pullman compartment and open sleeping cars, buffet library cars, free chair cars, (seats free), dining cars, meals a la carte, and coaches.

This equipment is the finest ever produced at the Pullman works. No extra fare on this train. L. W. Wakeley, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

## Free Information.

Messrs. C. A. Snow & Co., of Washington D. C., lawyers and agents for procuring patents, will send free to any address, pamphlets with information about home and foreign patents, caveats, copyrights, trade-marks, infringements, design patents, abstract of decisions, etc., as well as the cost of patents in the United States and foreign countries.

For the benefit of our readers, we give some extracts from the Postal Laws and Regulations which will be well to remember:

Post-office boxes are restricted to the use of one family, firm or corporation. Letters addressed to persons residing in the same place and doing business separate and apart from a box holder must not be placed in such box.

It is an offense punishable by a fine of ten dollars to conceal a letter inside a newspaper, or other matter chargeable with less than letter rates, and mail or attempt to mail same at newspaper rates.

It is an offense punishable by a fine of not less than one hundred dollars nor more than five hundred, or imprisonment of not less than six months nor more than one year, or both, for any persons to use or attempt to use in payment of postage, any cancelled stamp, whether the same has been used or not; or to remove marks from any postage stamp with intent to use same in payment of postage. Or to have in his or her possession any postage stamp cancelled with intent to use the same, or from which such cancellation marks have been removed; or who shall sell or offer for sale any such stamps, or use or attempt to use the same in payment of postage.

Mutilated postage stamps with corners torn off, or otherwise defaced are not receivable in payment of postage.

Mr. F. S. Church's two page illustration, entitled "A Christmas Welsh Rabbit," which is one of the features of the Christmas Number of Harper's Weekly, sets one thinking of the origin of the name of this justly popular dish. One high authority quotes it as a corruption of "rare bit;" another, with much more reasonableness, describes it as "a term of jocular origin formed after the fashion of Norfolk capon, a red herring;" and adds a quotation from Macmillan's Magazine: "Welsh rabbit is a genuine slang term, belonging to a large group which describe in the same humorous way the special dish or product or peculiarity of a particular district. For example: an Essex lion is a calf; a Fieldlane duck is a baked sheep's head; Glasgow magistrates or Norfolk capons are red herrings; Irish apricots or Munster plums are potatoes; Gravesend sweetmeats are shrimps."